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Miscellaneous

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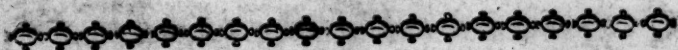
1/2 of 1/2



Edinburgh Delivered;

OR, THE

WORLD IN DANGER.



1782.



Edinburgh: Delivered;

OR THE

WORLD IN DANGER.



Edinburgh ^K Delivered;

OR, THE

WORLD IN DANGER:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

IN TWO ACTS.

Anon.

*As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new;
And follow FATE, which would too fast pursue.*

DRYDEN.

*Commission'd DEMONS oft, Angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements.*

THOMSON.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for C. ELLIOT, Parliament-Square.

MDCCLXXXII.

Lithograph Delivered

OF THE

WORLD IN DANGER

DRAMATIC POEM



THE WORLD IN DANGER

NO. 1111

The PERFORMING CHARACTERS in the
following POEM.

INFERNAL FURIES.

ADRAKLE,	ADROUGH,
FURIN,	BEDGARIN
DARCHIEN,	IZRAN,
ABYDOS,	ZAADRAN,
GRAGE,	ORALYN.

WITCHES.

MATHA,	NIBNEY,
DRINA,	SHADRA.

The SCENE in the Neighbourhood of
EDINBURGH.

THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS IN THE
FOLLOWING FORM

INTERNAL LETTERS

ADAMS	ADAMS
BANKS	BANKS
BRADSHAW	BRADSHAW
CARR	CARR
CHAPMAN	CHAPMAN
CLARK	CLARK
COLE	COLE
DAVIS	DAVIS
ELLS	ELLS
EVANS	EVANS
FRANKLIN	FRANKLIN
GILMAN	GILMAN
HARRIS	HARRIS
HOLMES	HOLMES
JACKSON	JACKSON
KELLEY	KELLEY
LEWIS	LEWIS
MANN	MANN
MARTIN	MARTIN
MATTHEWS	MATTHEWS
MURPHY	MURPHY
NICHOLS	NICHOLS
OLIVER	OLIVER
OSBORN	OSBORN
PAGE	PAGE
PARSONS	PARSONS
ROBERTS	ROBERTS
SMITH	SMITH
STANLEY	STANLEY
TAYLOR	TAYLOR
WALKER	WALKER
WATSON	WATSON
WHEELER	WHEELER
WILSON	WILSON
YOUNG	YOUNG

THE JOSEPH H. JACKSON & CO. PRINTERS
NEW YORK

EDINBURGH DELIVERED;

OR, THE

WORLD IN DANGER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Open Field, covered with Snow.

Enter MATHA and DRINA.

MATHA.

WELCOME, sister! On this wintry scene
Summer never shall be green again.
Hast thou heard the news?—

DRINA.

—No.

But I from Norway's coast am come
To learn what deeds are done at home:
For, pond'ring o'er my mischiefs made,
How much I had increas'd the dead,
I wish'd to know their fair amount,
And on my fingers 'gan to count;

When,

8 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D ; OR,

When, at the window of my cell,
The Raven shook his collar-bell.
His well-known voice cry'd, Sister, come!
Much greater deeds are done at home.
Grimalkin wak'd, and look'd around;
She purr'd, and stretch'd her on the ground:
Then in a circle round she flew
As fast as wings of windmills do;
When, stopping short her hasty pace,
She three times mew'd, and stroak'd her face.
A score of moths then took their flight;
And flying all around the light,
They made my cell as dark as night.
Well warned by these omens home,
I cry'd, I come, I come, I come!
Then straddled, o'er my wisp of broom.

MATHA.

And news awaits thee, great and good;
But first we'll change a drop of blood.

DRINA.

My sharpest prong the freak shall do!

[Pricks her thumb.]

Now give me one, I'll give thee two.

MATHA.

Here, this is thine which now was mine.

DRINA.

THE WORLD IN DANGER. 9

DRINA.

And this was mine which now is thine.
Thus am I fitted by the charm
To share your good, or share your harm.

MATHA.

Then, sister, hear!
Bereft of pow'r and wonted grace,
Three days ago, no charm took place:
A deadly drug Nell gave a horse,
The sturdy beast was ne'er the worse;
Sage Elspa fail'd upon a cow,
And Grissel on a fatted sow:
The night before, I mark'd for lost
A ship I stranded on the coast;
But she with the next tide was free,
With grief I saw her put to sea.
In short, we all had tales to tell,
And not one good, one lucky spell:
So we that night, on flaming yew,
And sulphur blazing choaking blue,
The cauldron boil'd * with gut of hogs,
The horse's sinews, and the dog's;
The baboon's blood, hyæna's jaws;
The afs's brain, the vulture's claws;
The eyes of wolves, the ears of hares;
The lungs of bulls, the hearts of bears;
Owls, cats, and rats; bats, frogs, and mice;
And hornets, spiders, bugs, and lice.

B

The

* See Macbeth.

10 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

The charm complete, our pray'rs resound;
Drear thunder growl'd along the ground:
We heard of ghosts the yells and cries,
While lightnings flash before our eyes:
The rain descends, the north wind blows:
Amidst the storm a Satan rose.
Amen! Amen! we cry'd, and hail!
Then each preferr'd some woful tale.
He heard us all with fullen mien;
Then sunk into the ground again.
Surpris'd, and baulk'd, we speechless stood;
When soon we saw a form of blood:
"Your breasts wild wonder waits to fill,
"Upon the highest nearest hill
"To curs'd EDINA's ancient town."
He rose; he said; and then sunk down:
When, rising, spoke another form;
"Whene'er you wish to quell the storm,
"Dispers'd in air, this potent grain
"Will hush the thunder, wind, and rain."
Another form still rose; and said,
"This torch that, burning, blazeth red,
"Will, with its far-extending ray,
"Whene'er you wish, make midnight day."
Scarce did the ground around him close,
When, following still, another rose:
"Lash but this whip, and at your hand
"A friendly fury waits command."
This said, he left us all amaz'd;
Each at her neighbour wildly gaz'd,

As

As if her fate hung on a lot,
 Herself to hang, or cut her throat.
 But soon, as if reprieve was come
 To save from such a deadly doom,
 To Arthur's feat we all repair,
 To see what wondrous things were there.
 But, with the noise of stormy woods,
 And all the rage of wrathful floods,
 A whirlwind sweeps around the hill,
 And ev'ry broomstick loses skill.
 'Twas then our pow'ful grain we threw,
 And all the storm at once withdrew.
 We heard a hundred voices join'd;
 Each voice seem'd loud as was the wind:
 These fearful words the rocks resound,
 With sword—confusion—fire—and wound.
 In haste to see what threat'ning forms
 Were thus secur'd in midnight storms,
 Eager, our flaming torch we light;
 And fire subdues the sable night.
 When, lo! we saw, in grizzly band,
 A legion of black Satans stand:
 Their eyes were sunk; their arms were strong;
 Their nails were hooked claws, and long.
 A mighty shield each Satan wore;
 A faulchion stain'd with human gore:
 A skin, from some dire monster torn,
 Was close about their middles worn;
 Its ground was scaly, copper hue,
 And bristly hairs above it grew:

12 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

Each wore a sheet, too, fable dye,
 With which, instead of wings, they fly.
 We look'd: and now the mountain's side,
 A dreadful chasm! opens wide.
 They all descend; and, in their speed,
 Each tumbled o'er another's head:
 As, flounder'd in some dry'd-up ditch,
 You've seen a dead, corrupting bitch,
 Where * maughs in myriads seem to smother,
 Or rather feast on, one another.
 Hobbling they look'd as down they sped,
 Like them, but hugely magnified.

DRINA.

Lo, sister! lo, two Satans go,
 Without a print, upon the snow!
 On us, behold, they cast their eye:
 This way they bend their speed, and fly.

MATHA.

And thou, but this, hast heard it all:
 We lash'd the whip; and at the call
 A Satan came, who told us, they
 From Ætna's flames had bent their way,
 Commission'd, by some pow'ful spell,
 To sink all Edinburgh in hell;
 For it to them was rightly suited,
 For follies and for crimes reputed.

Enter

* Worms.

THE WORLD IN DANGER. 13

Enter ADROUGH and BEDGARIN, singing.

[*ADR. sings to MAT. BED. to DRI.*]

Let mortals still languish, be dead to the cheering
Of all the fierce pleasures that rush thro' the veins;
They know no delight till the summer's appearing;
They ask all the aid of the hot summer-scenes:
But with a ne'er exhausting, still increasing flood,
Of boiling, raging, fev'rish blood,
We can in winters rude delight,
And sport amidst the horrors of a stormy night.

MATHA and DRINA sing.

And let it storm with frost and hail,
And let it wear as cold a breath;
Let thunders roar, and winds prevail,
And let it look as fierce as death:
Nor storms nor tempests shall avail,
Tho' grim they look as is the grave;
We'll meet you in the midnight vale,
And share the pleasures ye conceive:
There, merry in our mischief, we
Will laugh at ev'ry storm we see.

ADROUGH.

Then in the midnight vale we'll give,
At midnight, pleasures, and receive.
But to the town we now must fly,
And mark if it be fit to die.
Threescore already of our crew
Have mark'd their minds with knowledge due;
And,

14 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

And, from the doubtful gueſs we frame,
Three parts of four is ours to claim.

MATHA.

Then go, and ply each ſubtle art;
You'll ſoon ſubdue the other part.

DRINA.

Ply each ſubtle art and wile,
You'll ſoon the other part beguile.

Both.

Farewel, farewel; but do not fail
To meet us in the midnight vale.

ADR. and BED.

Farewel, farewel: we will not fail
To meet you in the midnight vale.

S C E N E II.

*The inside of the Mountain; a Legion of infernal
Furies is diſcovered in Council. ADRAKLE ſeated
on a Throne.*

FURIN.

Since then, O Demons! we've EDINA found
Full ripe and finiſh'd for the fated wound;
Since we can count ſo many ſouls that ſwell
With thoughts infernal, fitting heirs of hell;
Why not this inſtant rend her rock-built walls;
O'erwhelm her people in her ſhatter'd halls;
Tear

Tear by the roots her streets ; her turrets bend !
What winds begin, our flaming fwords may end ;
For by our arms the wretches surely die,
Who, fearing death, the gen'ral havock fly.

DARCHIEN.

More subtle arts must mark our councils wise :
Is open force the spells we must practise ?
Shall we, for wisdom known, for arts approv'd,
By loving rashly lose the object lov'd ?
Should watchful Angels shout to Heav'n alarms,
And Heav'n descend a host in shining arms,
A doubtful day, our force we may protect ;
But Hell, O Demons ! other deeds expect.
We left not Ætna, barely to defend ;
More gainful glory on our arms depend.
Yes, we shall rage, but with so sure a blade,
That Heav'n perceives not till a conquest's made.

ADRACLE.

As some fierce river, whose unbounded tide
Remed'less swells, and wastes the country wide,
Sees on its surges flocks and pastures roll ;
So swells, so sweeps, great Furin's daring soul.
With caution more sure Darchien speaks alarms ;
Tho' well we know he glories, great in arms.
So fierce a river hews his unknown way,
Plows thro' the mountain, and avoids the day :
The mountain cracks ! the wide distending wave
Still delves below his mighty, measur'd grave :

The

16 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

The mountain falls ! then forth the waters bound,
 And all the country is a deluge round.
 For glory Furin, scorning danger, pants ;
 Such glory Darchien, void of danger, wants :
 Tho' in their rage they shape a diff'rent course,
 The same's their object, as the same their source.
 But hear me, Princes ! cautious doubts practise ;
 And, O be sure ! as ye are brave, ye're wise.
 Remember LISBON ! when in storms she fell,
 We greatly gloried in the force of Hell.
 We laugh'd to see her tott'ring bulwarks, rent,
 In one large moment make their swift descent.
 We saw with joy fond mothers wildly rave,
 And crush to death the infants they would save :
 We heard fond fathers agonizing groan,
 And gladly saw them in the waste o'erthrown :
 The wretches cries, the yells of mad despair,
 Transporting ravish'd ev'ry fury there.
 But soon we, fated with rejoicing, found
 We largely gloried in a shallow wound.
 We meant their souls for hell, a lasting boast ;
 But wing'd to GOD a perfect heav'nly host.
 Then, e'er EDINA falls, be wise, obtain
 A sure account of all we're sure to gain.
 But lo ! Abydos comes, and with him Grage,
 I hope with tidings that will warrant rage.

[Enter ABYDOS and GRAGE.]

Then strict Abydos to our councils tell
 How mischief prospers, and what hopes for Hell.

ABYDOS.

ABYDOS.

By all ador'd, she still supports her part,
 Subdues the warmer feelings of the heart.
 An homag'd queen, she leads an homag'd train,
 Asserts the city, and corrupts the plain.
 All, all perverted, swell with empty ire;
 None half the mischiefs work their souls desire.
 There lurks a cut-throat band; but, cowards, they
 Think double rage in ev'ry heart has sway:
 Their aims averted by this shiv'ring fear,
 They learn to smile when they would wish to tear.
 Here Pride his army ushers to the field;
 He fondly thinks the humble world will yield:
 But all his friends have wisely now agreed,
 That empire's toil; so kindly bid him bleed.
 Where Malice Envy joins, great conquest hope;
 Heav'n's foes they are, and Hell's eternal prop:
 And I, O Furies! triumph to declare,
 No feelings tender these fierce people share.
 Call love a passion harmless, if you must;
 No love there is, 'tis all-devouring lust:
 No sympathy of hearts binds lovers now;
 'Tis lust, or lucre, prompts the nuptial vow.
 Friendship, a dial, varies ev'ry hour;
 'Tis not exchange of heart, but 'change of pow'r:
 When int'rest calls, it acts the useful tool;
 But, plac'd the statesman, names the friend a fool.
 And filial duty, too, reward must find:
 Are parents poor? their children are unkind;

C

If

18 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

If rich, respect conceals the rebel fire;
 Give sons the wealth, and Hell may seize the fire.
 Since love and friendship have foregone their sway,
 Since Nature's dictates children disobey;
 Offspring of nature, and of wisdom, join'd,
 The love of God is lost, and human kind.
 Yes; fathers blush to own paternal fears;
 Their sons increase in folly as in years;
 Untaught to shun what youth may oversee,
 They revel Riot's paths uncurb'd and free;
 They learn to laugh, first at their fathers; then
 The grace of Heav'n is impotent and vain.

GRACE.

I mark'd a youth, EMPETO was his name;
 His early aspect spoke an ample fame:
 A fame which Hell of glorious prey beguiles;
 Which GOD approves of, and rewards with smiles.
 Gentle in nature was the gen'rous child;
 But soon his mother found him much too mild:
 His sports were mean, and dancing was polite;
 Compar'd with music, dull to read and write.
 He plies his tasks: the mother fonder grew:
 At length a tinsel'd ape intrudes on public view.
 His scarlet coat, his cravat, cane in hand,
 His passport proves to each nocturnal band.
 His modest looks were long since laid aside;
 And now his vanity aspires to pride.
 A noble line of ancestors his boast;
 His drink champagne, an arrant whore his toast.

Proud

Proud of his fellows, so genteel in life,
 His doating mother proves a pilfring wife.
 An hundred pound the first year made him thrive:
 She pilfers on, the second year was five.
 The household-plate began to vanish now;
 Her trust withdrawn, she could no more bestow.
 Adangor guess'd to whom his goods were giv'n;
 Like Hell, then swore to act the part of Heav'n.

Vain are his curses; threat'nings he may spare;
 For Dadra's charms can ev'ry ill repair!
 With smiles the nymph her dear Empeto owns;
 But smiles were ever prophecies of frowns!
 No matter; he, too gallant yet to sigh,
 The fate reverses in a new supply.

The wine to pay now, credit must be found;
 At *cent. per cent.* he takes an hundred pound.
 Each devil but the dice is now his own:
 In three short days the darling sum is gone!

What could he do? he fought a few pounds
 But not a friend possess'd a single score! (more;
 Can want and wretchedness forget its wo?
 He look'd around, and tears began to flow.
 But fear not, Hell; 'tis glorious grief he feels;
 'Tis not repentance, but the want of ills.

Soon, soon by meanness are his wants supply'd;
 Meanness, pale Hunger's daughter, got by Pride.
 In tradesmens clubs he joins the midnight-roar;
 There toasts a countess by the name of w—re;
 While, like a whore himself, he lives at large;
 He gives them wit, and they the bill discharge.

20 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

From this uncertain life, at length, he's freed;
A prison's certain gloom his lot decreed:
For what could Gripos, when the wrathful fire
His son and debts adjudg'd eternal fire?
An hundred pound, though he had thousands ten,
Was such a loss! his life was worthless then:
Distracted, ruin'd, and o'erwhelm'd with grief,
His latest words were, Oh impeach the thief!

To save her son, now, now, the mother flies,
With all the woman sparkling in her eyes:
The desk she breaks where all her husband lies;
When from a deed this joyful secret flew,
Adangor's worth was all Empeto's due.
Possess'd of this, her husband she assails:
The wretch looks horrid, and his rage prevails:
Curfing his father, son, himself, and wife,
The ruthless steel concludes his wretched life.

Once more Empeto like himself behold:
The prison opens, he descends in gold.
A gilded coach, with liv'ries suiting, there
Awaits the honour'd old Adangor's heir.
Genius, if real genius swell the heart,
May seem to sleep, but never can depart.
What tho' a while, by fore misfortune prest,
Empeto's spirit languish'd in his breast? (pound;
He makes amends when worth twelve thousand
And dice with double fury rattles round.
The cards are dealt, too, and the play is—"good:
" You're lucky, Madam."—"Sir!"—"Gad dem
" my blood."

" Five

“ Five hundred, curse me! on the next.”—“ ’Tis
“ done.”—

“ O pox devour me! Ma’am, you’ve all the run;
“ I’ll play no more.” But still he tries another;
And this hand, Hell! is fruitless as was t’other.
If fortune seem’d to smile, ’twas but a lure,
By raising hope to make his loss secure:
For, thro’ variety of loss and gain,
His fortune scarce his dinner can obtain.

’Twas then I whisper’d, Youth, your loss repair;
Assume the road, Sir Languor takes the air.
Away he flew, arrests him on the way,
And with rich booty brisk returns to play.
But soon by beadles found, the jury hems;
Returns him guilty; and the judge condemns.
Amidst a peal of virgins pitying cries,
The bell tolls death; and poor Empeto dies.
Bereft of all her maiden hopes and brags,
The mother, cursing God, survives in rags.

ABYDOS.

Or bus’ness reigns a knave, and trade a cheat;
Or all are honest, meaning no deceit.
But knaves there are, while in the merchant trade
A thousand strive, like Admino, for bread.
His stuffs, good man! from Indian climes were got,
And worth the world, tho’ hardly worth a groat.
“ O view them well!” he cries, “ they’re cheap;
“ how nice!
“ I gravely swear, I’m loser at the price.”

What

22 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

What pity he should by his bargains lose,
 Whose scales are just, who no false measure knows!
 But, multiply'd by ten, his yearly pounds
 Produce his lies; and one large fraud abounds.
 The Doctor, whose dread priv'lege is to kill,
 Prescribes for fees the potion or the pill.
 But, thank the Chemist, there's no murder here;
 The draught is simple as a draught of beer.
 But if too soon the patient should grow better,
 He'll change to poison what was dirty water.
 Yes, Hell may laugh to know what tricks abound;
 They stop not here, but go full sweep around.
 The cheated cheat; they double turn the joke;
 Starv'd is the Doctor, and the Merchant broke.
 See now, around the widow's scanty blaze,
 Her shiv'ring offspring chant the lawyer's praise.
 While villain-fools the lawyer's hopes ensure;
 While these will cheat those squabbling scoundrels
 poor,
 Shall Virtue, tho' profess'd, our hearts appal?
 Vice is a living, ruling monitor to all.
 With various arts she aids her native claim;
 Here gives a fortune, there she gives a name.
 Squires must have strumpets, strumpets must have
 stars;
 Supply the rest from bowls, hoops, lappets, cars.
 Some dear idea each conceives; and now
 Possess their wish they must, no matter how.

FURIN.

FURIN.

Is folly then completely ripe in vice?
 Does Hell attend the story, and rejoice?
 O shame! rejoice while yon proud city stands
 The boasting witness of our slothful hands?
 This instant rouse: Abydos, urge with me;
 Exclaim in rage, confirm the stern decree:
 One precious hour permit not idly by,
 Till all EDINA, burning, blazeth to the sky.

ADRACLE.

Thy fury, Furin, charms my vengeful ear;
 'Tis worth my praise, and worthy Hell to hear:
 But now, mis-tim'd, it fosters discontent;
 Not half our number can assign consent;
 For few, as yet, from observation form
 A plea for wrath, and reason for the storm.
 Let all, like thee, have time to mark their prize;
 Then, all united, fierce in arms will rise.
 Meanwhile, O Hell! our troops observe their prey,
 Discharge a band; let Pamron guide their way.
 Thro' northern climes ascend, where Hecla reigns
 The dread and terror of uncultur'd plains.
 Ere yet her boiling bowels, tortur'd, throw
 In bellowings forth her flaming sulph'rous foe:
 E'er curling clouds of smoke begin relief:
 When, heav'd with pangs of deep-embowel'd grief,
 Her sides distend; our crew, descending then,
 Bear hence for us the burning cause of pain;
 Tartarian

24 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

Tartarian dregs that blaze in air reveal'd,
And nitrous fire in brazen chest conceal'd.
Imprison'd these, with flames infernal blown
From coals of sulphur and consuming stone,
Intestine anguish groans along the ground;
EDINA trembles at the direful sound.
But vain her peoples suppliant hands and cries;
The spoil begins, and unknown horrors rise.
Forth's troubled waters leave her hollow shore,
And waste the country, vengeful as they roar:
Wide Pentland's misty range inebrious reels;
The strong convulsion mighty Grampian feels;
While earth, o'ercharg'd, now issues clouds that
spread
A midnight veil o'er ev'ry wretch his head.
Red lightnings flash; tremendous thunders roll
Above, below, and fright the farthest pole.
The destin'd prey, from her foundation torn,
Up heavy heaves an ærial island borne.
A quiv'ring moment, and a grand explode,
Completes our rage, and shakes the throne of GOD.
Now Heav'n, descending, may review the scene;
A fertile country made a barren plain;
An ample city swallow'd up, o'erthrown;
While Hell asserts the horror all her own.

DARCHIEN.

Well does Adrakle gainful tumults scan;
And Hell, great Fury! loud rewards thy plan.

Not

Not Hecla thund'ring o'er th' affrighted plain
 Refounds such terrors as thy thund'ring strain.
 Less great the cloud-crown'd mountain looks than
 thou,

When angry mischief bends thy awful brow.
 A many conquests Hell, rejoicing, spies
 Flash in the lightnings of your threat'ning eyes.
 But hark ! our friends contend (on action prone)
 Who mount with Pamron to the frozen zone.
 Let us retire ; upon the mountain Zrue
 (A circle form'd) shall strict divide the yew.
 On ev'ry branch, that all their own may claim,
 Each cuts a mark, then gives it to the flame.
 Huge heap'd the fire, the crackling centre burns,
 While round the flames the great Magician turns.
 Ten score of times he goes, solemnly slow ;
 At ev'ry turn he strikes some lucky bough.
 Fraught with the virtue of his magic wand,
 The stricken boughs the force of fire withstand.
 Such as come fresh and uncorrupted forth,
 With Pamron send their owners to the north.

[Exeunt, with shouts of acclamation.]

D

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Valley.*

Enter MATHA and DRINA.

MATHA.

'Twas here we 'greed we should affail:
This vale we name the midnight vale;
And here we're fure we are alone.

DRINA.

No; hark! I hear a hollow groan.

MATHA.

True; sometimes self-affassins roam;
Here ruffians think themselves at home.
But, save the howlet's scream so drear,
No other voice or found I hear.
Around us rocky mountains flow;
These mountains huge are heap'd with snow.
Nought seen beside, but clouds that fly
Along the deep-blue speckled sky.
And lo, the moon, as they go west,
Scours backward, journeying to the east.
In such a dreary scene as this,
None but us can fancy blifs;
Or such, like us, who can partake
In evil works for evil's sake.

Sings

Sings.

Sister join'd in active ill,
Merry mischiefs grow
Thro' the valleys clad with snow:
Still we go, we go, we go,
And find them on the barren hill.
Goodness is an idle glass,
That doubly shews an ugly face.

DRINA *sings.*

Evil is a goodly field,
Where ev'ry pleasure we enjoy;
And if her comforts ever cloy,
She'll other pleasures yield.

Both.

* Evil is to us a good.
Hence we joy in infants blood:
Hence our boiling kettles fume,
And bewitched maids consume:
Hence the strength of youths relax
With our melting forms of wax:
Hence, for wild variety,
In the midnight vale meet we.

MATHA.

'Tis sure the latest hour of night,
And yet no Satan come in fight.

D 2

DRINA.

* PAR. LOST.

DRINA.

See! sifter, fee! on yonder cliff
I thought I saw a goblin skiff;
But now around the mountain gone.
I counted two: I'm sure of one.
Grey they look'd beside the snow,
That whitens all the vale below.

MATHA.

Yon way I look'd, but saw no shroud;
'T has been the shadow of a cloud.
But surely now the ghosts have pow'r;
'Tis surely past the midnight hour.
What can from us our Satan keep?
No Satan ever knows to sleep.

DRINA.

Lo there they come—or I'm to blame,
My eyes are all besmear'd with phlegm.
But look thee, sifter, yonder twain

MATHA.

Are surely of our sifter train.
See crabbed Nibney quick-like tread;
At ev'ry step she nods her head.
And surely Shadra, six foot high,
Comes limping on her broken thigh.
Like us, on wicked deeds they're prone;
For wicked witches both are known.

MATHA

MATHA and DRINA.

Hail! fisters, hail!

Enter SHADRA and NIBNEY.

Both.

Hail! fisters, hail!

MATHA.

What seek ye in the midnight vale?

SHADRA.

No, not to pare our corns come we :
Say, fister witches, what seek ye?

DRINA.

When Satans twain you see advance,
Think, if you will, we come to dance.

NIBNEY.

Again this errand tell of yours ;
And as you tell it, think 'tis ours :
For Adrough is to meet with me,
And Bedgarin with, Shadra, thee.

MATHA.

With Adrough thou hast nought to do :
Devour thee, witch, and burn thee too.

DRINA to SHA.

Hag! halter'd hag! go cut thy throat,
And Bedgarin will hinder not.

For

30 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

For me does Bedgarin come here.

MATHA.

For me will Adrough soon appear.

NIBNEY to MA.

Go, scarlet hag! go beast with hogs:
I'll tear thee, wert thou made of dogs.

SHADRA to DRI.

Tho' dragons should thy womb defend,
Curs'd hag! I'd tear——

Enter IZRAN.

——Till I the tumult end.

Is then so barren the wide field of strife,
A witch demands a sister witch's life?
Go with your discord, go where discord strives
To humble husbands and to murder wives.
Where feeble Vice with feeble Virtue joins,
Relentless Discord there triumphant shines.
Then join the city; there your furies wreck;
But perfect vice will perfect vice protect.
What virtues, haggard fluts! among you dwell,
That thus disables you to mimic Hell?
Just now, your common haunt to find, I strode
From hell, entomb'd beneath this mountain's load:
I came to greet ye, and your band to guide,
Where great our Demons, stern in state, preside.
Such

THE WORLD IN DANGER. 31

Such mighty tasks as Furies love to bear ;
These tasks were destin'd, curfed hags! your share.
But now unfit—

All the WITCHES kneeling.

Forgive! forgive!
We'll never squabble while we live.
But why should Satans prove untrue,
And force us to do deeds we rue?

NIBNEY.

Yes: Adrough was to meet with me ;
And Bedgarin with, Shadra, thee.

MATHA.

No: Adrough was to meet with me ;
And Bedgarin with, Drina, thee.

IZRAN—*kneeling.*

Image of Hell! I humbly thus adore
The discord I condemn'd, unheard, before.

WITCHES.

Never, never: cover rocks ;
Satans kneeling, kneeling mocks.

IZRAN.

But never rise in wrath again,
When one of us could pleasure all your train.
Now we go and meet your crew.

WITCHES.

32 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

WITCHES.

We, like kittens, follow. Shew!
Shew! Shew!

[*All vanish.*]

SCENE II. *Hell discover'd in Council, as before.*

ZAADRAN.

When first my mission bore me for the town,
E'er yet beyond these mountains limits gone,
A female figure fill'd my distant view;
The phantom varied as it onward drew.
Male it appear'd; a neutral monster now;
Above, a man; a woman dress'd below.
Its features charming, but its shape was bad;
Its head was swoln, in disproportion sad;
Its jutting thigh-bones bore on either side
An ample tunic; three large cubits wide.
Practising airs, it starts, it strides, it puffs;
Now taps a fancied box, and now it snuffs:
Now waves a fancied fan; and now it rears
A brandish'd whip, that whistles round its ears.
Impatient grown to find which sex would claim
Such seeming madness by an unknown name;
Sunk in its breast, on wings of tainted air,
I read its nature written, *Woman*, there.

Ye Demons! who assert the town your own,
By vice subjected, as with vice o'ergrown,
Be sure your Princes you've not falsely taught,
Condemn'd for vice, when vanity's the fault.

Some

Some gen'ral evil would ye fix your boast,
 'Tis surely vanity deserves it most. (fair;
 Pleas'd with themselves, each woman thinks her
 Each man has sense beyond his neighbour's share.
 Here pride begins; hence raging passion flows;
 Hence Hell to it her surest triumph owes:
 For men call'd fools, with all our vengeance burn;
 And * slighted women, perfect devils turn.
 But yet I've seen, to mar the truth I vouch,
 A humble mortal press a velvet couch.

I've mix'd in public sports, heard public talk,
 Judg'd private conduct, join'd the private walk;
 Well pleas'd, I've often seen Injustice stare,
 And Envy's eyes her gnawing soul declare;
 Black Malice wring the hands that wou'd be free,
 And Hate harsh glory in her destiny:
 I've seen pale Sloth, enervate, scratch his head;
 I've heard pleas'd Calumny her falsehoods spread;
 I've heard, while Rage his wrathful jav'lin throws,
 The mountains echo fury as he goes;
 I've heard an Atheist was reputed wise;
 I've seen screen'd Cunning sneak in Virtue's guise:
 But what tho' this can cheat, or that can steal,
 Mankind are better than I dare reveal.

Where spires distinct arise, and waving woods,
 And lofty mountains, and enraged floods,
 The scene behold with narrow mortals eyes,
 And all but gay confusion round you lies:

E

Yet

* POPE.

34 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

Yet scorn, with pigeons view, to mark a stone;
Shoot from the earth, and blend the whole in one:
At measur'd distance let your vision roll;
With native vigour glance from pole to pole:
Then spires, woods, mountains, will but specks
appear,

Lost on the surface of the mighty sphere.
Thus should ye, Demons! mark the human soul;
Vague passions scorning, view the finish'd whole.
Passions, tho' black the look as we accurst,
Oft bear repentance with them as they burst.
I've seen, unutterable wo to tell!
I've seen a prostitute unfit for hell.
She who, professing lewdness, can pretend
To laugh at all which virtue can commend,
With smiles I've seen her cheer her stupid guest,
While pining sorrow prey'd within her breast.
I've track'd her thro' her dreary midnight hours,
Her pillow bath'd with deep repentant show'rs;
For former times and friends I've heard her groan;
They lost for ever, and herself undone.
I've heard her weep and wail, and, big with wo,
Curse the hard fate that brought her down so low.
With such blest nature is mankind endu'd;
Our reign were lost, were all its good pursu'd.

ABYDOS.

In that blest nature, too, do passions dwell,
By us if nourish'd, sink their race to hell.

But

But surely Zaadran knows this charge is true ;
 He speaks their good, to bring our sloth to view :
 He's seen some scanty virtues round him shoot ;
 He's seen how we could root these virtues out ;
 And, griev'd to see a good on earth remain,
 Has plac'd before us Paradise again.
 But if he, firm, believe the scenes he drew,
 Have I not, Furies, seen the city too ?
 Zaadran in hell was long estrang'd from men ;
 I've sojourn'd long amongst them, nor in vain.
 Think not the wretches I have drawn unknown,
 Nor fear that GOD protects them as his own.
 Its depths explor'd, I know the human breast ;
 How much bereav'd by ill, by goodness blest :
 The grace of Angels, then, dispense to all ;
 I'll glory more, for greater is their fall.

ZAADRAN.

Less pangs the griffins feel, as mad they soar
 Thro' Hell's bleak regions, or her floods explore ;
 For quick relief the rav'nous gluttons cry ;
 The air, the floods, the wanted food deny.
 The monsters groan ; unable to contain,
 They tear themselves, and bellow with the pain :
 Their cries, their twining forms, their pangs reveal ;
 But weak their torments to the pangs I feel.
 Since I alone must praise a race I hate,
 My zeal for Hell is doubly damning fate.
 Not as they are, with vice and virtue join'd,
 But as they're wish'd, your Furies paint mankind :

36 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

Then, tho' despair succeeds the hopes ye hold,
 'Tis Hell demands that I these truths unfold.
 Honesty's esteem'd, merit is approv'd;
 Knaves are despis'd, and Christians belov'd.
 The features these of those ye would o'erthrow:
 Will God adjudge this people as his foe?
 I fear not tho' all Heav'n their swords unsheath;
 First to oppose, this faulchion meets their wrath.
 But if with Heav'n a furious war we wage,
 O shape the subject suited to the rage!
 Sure of the whole (tho' doubtful at the best)
 This paltry city names your rage a jest.
 Hot-burning shame I feel, and black disgrace,
 To ponder fury for so poor a place.
 Does mischief charm us? let our souls distend;
 A mighty mischief! let all Britain bend.
 Let whirlwinds sweep, while raging lightning kills;
 Erect the valleys to their levell'd hills:
 Or, heav'd below, let mad th' Atlantic foam,
 Renounce these shores a margin of her home.
 Hence, Britain ruin'd, Angels would admire
 Five thousand Furies could so vast aspire.
 And thus provok'd, would large for Hell atone,
 Tho' ev'ry mortal was proclaim'd their own.

Enter a new band of Furies, ORALYN at their head.

ORALYN.

Behold, dread Demons! Oralyn appear;
 From Ætna's flames I come, commission'd here;
 Sent

Sent to avert, but not your rage to quell;
More worthy vengeance is prescrib'd for Hell.
Soon as ye bent for these rude scenes your flight,
Thartoc and Edol strode the clouds of night;
They led their bands to native Hell, afar
Beyond the limits of the farthest star.

Her councils summon'd, they your projects view'd;
Doubts Satan started, and debate ensu'd.

But thus the Monarch, whose almighty word
Is great in council, as in war his sword:

" Since first the world at GOD's command began,
" We've crush'd our vengeance, in our hopes on
man :

" Our greatest glory to pervert his race,
" That, dead in vice, they might be damn'd apace.
" But, oft deceiv'd, we've us'd devouring arts
" To snatch secure their sin-fill'd, boiling hearts.
" We've nourish'd discord, and have arms supply'd,
" That wild Ambition might be match'd with Pride.
" From Egypt's marsh we've mad Distemper blown:
" We've heard our whirlwinds howl, our thunders
" groan :

" Earthquakes we've us'd, and ev'ry art we know,
" To sweep to Hell whole nations at a blow.
" But vain our art, and fruitless is our toil,
" GOD still maintains his people from our spoil;
" He gives them triumph, mars our conquests all.
" Say then, ye Furies! must EDINA fall?
" Shall we again to such disgrace be driv'n?
" Shall we be chariots for proud souls to heav'n?

" Or

38 EDINBURGH DELIVER'D; OR,

" Or if we must, we'll nobly act the task
 " With fury, such as furious fiends may ask.
 " With one dread stroke this favour'd race of men
 " We'll sink in dust, we'll uncreate again.
 " Earth's burning centre shall engender fire,
 " In fierce volcanoes shall the flames aspire :
 " Each mount an *Ætna*; ev'ry valley, rent,
 " Devouring swallow what the mountains vent.
 " Blood shall be lost amidst the flames that frown;
 " The cries of millions bursting thunders drown :
 " The world a wreck, the six days work undone :
 " Hell glories now in such a conquest won.
 " Then should we find, by vice, mankind enchain'd,
 " Our mighty conquest were a triumph gain'd."
 He said : transported Demons heard his voice,
 And Hell's most distant shores rejoice.

ZAADRAN.

And we accord : behold, we grasp our shields;
 His flaming faulchion ev'ry Fury wields.
 Prone to be gone where *Ætna's* Demons wait;
 Each eye is lightning, and each arm is fate.
 O glorious task ! already I descry
 The burning world reflected on the sky !
 I see the mountains vomit boiling ore !
 I heard the billows lash their hissing shore !
 I now behold a world of crackling woods !
 Waste *Afric's* sands I see like burnish'd floods !
 O could we move this flaming orb along
 The horrid subject of a hell-tun'd song !

The

Thro' all the universe she then should run,
And give new fervour to the scorching sun.
Her kindred planets, that around him turn,
Should blaze abroad, and learn like her to burn.

ADRAKLE, [*as they are all ready to depart.*
Stop, Hell, your flight : behold this wrinkled
band
Attend, and claim your promis'd stern command.

Enter IZRAN with a numerous train of Witches :
They all kneel.

We greet ye, sisters ! [*To the Witches.*
To IZRAN.] But now, Izran, we
Depart ; and leave these scenes to them and thee.
Instruct them thou the mischiefs we devis'd,
Those fiercer spells than ever they practis'd.
And thou, O Zaadran ! stay behind, and root
Each saving virtue where you find it shoot.
That Fury best who sees where virtues dwell,
Can surest strike for victory and Hell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

THE WORLD IN DANGER.

This, all the universe the stars should see,
And give new form to the descending sun.
Her kindred planets, that around him turn,
Should blaze abroad, and learn like him to burn.

ADRIAN. [As they are all ready to depart.
Stop, Hell, your flight: behold this wrinkled
band
Aged, and claim your promise's stern command.

Enter IERAN with a numerous train of followers.
They all kneel.

We greet ye, sire! [To the King]
[But now, Ieran, we
Depart; and leave these scenes to them and their
Issues: them thou the mischief we devise'd,
These fiercer spirits than ever they practise'd,
And thou, O Vindicta, follow behind, and root
Each saving virtue where you find it root.
That Tury best who best virtue dwell,
Can wrest strike for victory and Hell.

[Exeunt omnes.]